GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

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GEMS

OF

ENGLISH POETRY,

FROM

Chaucer to the Present Times.

Alice,

thine a spirit loathing guilt,
to duty wed, from malice free;
like thy Mother — and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see.

Liverpool October 21st 1867.

GEMS

OF

ENGLISH POETRY,

FROM

CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

Selected and arranged

BY MRS. MARZIALS.

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1867.

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To my dear Father,

THE REVEREND THOMAS JACKSON,

TO WHOM I OWE

MY APPRECIATION OF ENGLISH POETRY;

AND WHOSE HOLY EXAMPLE AND TENDER LOVE

HAVE BEEN THE CROWNING BLESSING OF MY LIFE;

I DEDICATE THIS SELECTION OF

"GEMS."

PREFACE.

In compiling this volume it has been my object to gather together what are at once Gems as poetry, and more than unexceptionable as regards religious and moral sentiment. This may account for the absence of some poems that might perhaps be expected in a work of this kind. For, on the one hand, anything which, however perfect as a piece of art, does not allow the purest Christian light to pass through it undimmed, has been rigidly excluded; and, on the other, nothing has been inserted simply on account of its devotional character. The glory of God, the love of nature and of country, and the beauty and sanctity of home-life,—such are the themes most profusely illustrated in these pages. The selection, therefore, is one eminently fitted—if my endeavours have been successful—to gratify and elevate the taste of the young.

"The power of English literature is in its poets,"

says a critic now held in considerable honour;* and from a field so passingly rich as the poetry of England, it is not a very light task to gather what shall be universally recognised as its brightest flowers. Tastes differ, proverbially; differ as regards the merit and importance of individual poets; differ, moreover, as regards the value of the several passages of their works. I scarcely, therefore, flatter myself that I shall equally please all those of my readers who have previously taken a strong interest in the subject. I shall not complain if here and there they would substitute some old favourite for the specimen-verse I have chosen, but shall rest content with their general approval.

There is one point, however, on which I must guard against misconception. My constant desire has been that every poet of mark, who has used the English language as his instrument, should be represented by his best and most distinctive compositions. But in respect of our contemporaries a difficulty has met me; and if some few of the greater modern names are "conspicuous by their absence," or, as in the case of Thomas Hood, inadequately represented, it must be understood that the owners of the copyrights did not think it desirable to sanction my republishing poems in which they had an interest. In other cases this

* "Essays in Criticism," by Matthew Arnold.

sanction has been very kindly afforded me; and I have to thank several publishers and authors, not only for allowing me the use of their property, but also for the extreme courtesy I have met with at their hands. My very grateful acknowledgments are here tendered to several of the "Living Poets;" and to Messrs. Longman for extracts from Southey, Moore, and Lord Macaulay; to John Murray, Esq.—from Bishop Heber and Dean Milman; to Messrs. Chapman and Hall—from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, and Henry Taylor; to Messrs. Macmillan—from the Rev. Charles Kingsley and Coventry Patmore; to Messrs. Nisbet and Co.—from the Rev. H. Bonar; to Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas—from Professor Wilson; and to Mr. Bennett—from Mrs. Howitt.

M. A. M.

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GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

CHAUCER.

ELIZABETHAN POETS.

&c.

GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Born, 1328; *Died*, 1400.

THE GOOD PARSON.

A TRUE good man there was there of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of the town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure Gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
As proven oft; to all who lack'd, a friend.
Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,
At every need much rather was he found
Unto his poor parishioners around
Of his own substance and his dues to give;
Content on little, for himself, to live.
Wide was his cure; the houses far asunder;
Yet never failed he for rain or thunder,
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.

This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught
The word of life he from the Gospel caught ;
And well this comment added he thereto,—
If that gold rusteth, what should iron do ?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,
What wonder if the' unletter'd layman lust ?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.
For sure a priest ensample ought to give
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.
He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,
And ran unto London unto St. Paul's,
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd ;
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry ;
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
Though holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous ;
Not of reproach imperious or malign ;
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,
Him would he sharply with reproof astound.
A better priest is nowhere to be found.
He waited not on pomp or reverence,
Nor made himself a spicéd conscience.
The love of Christ and His apostles twelve
He taught : but, first, he follow'd it himselve.

(*Modernized by Dryden.*)

EDMUND SPENSER.

Born, 1553; *Died*, 1599.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: But O, the' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O, why should heavenly God to man have such regard?

FROM "A HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE."

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which He reigned with His glorious Sire,

He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfied ;
Nor spirit nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
But only man himself, who self did slide.
So, taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despiteful shame
Reviling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nailed on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of Love's deep wound, that pierced the piteous heart
Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And, sharply lancing every inner part,
Dolours of death into His soul did dart,
Doing Him die that never it deserved,
To free His foes that from His hest had swerved !

O blessed Well of Love ! O Flower of Grace !
O glorious Morning Star ! O Lamp of Light !
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,

Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good,
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood ?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of Thy pain :
Ay me ! what can us less than that behove ?
Had He requiréd life from us again,
Had it been wrong to ask His own with gain ?
He gave us life, He it restoréd lost ;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bann'd :
Ne aught demands, but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us aforehand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band ;
Him first to love, that was so dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to His image wrought.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Born, 1564 ; *Died* 1616.

WOLSEY'S LAMENT ON HIS FALLEN GREATNESS.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee ;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die, to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

REMEMBRANCE.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the' expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before:
—But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

TRUE LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.—
O no! it is an ever fixed mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Born, 1568; *Died*, 1639.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill:

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend !

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

BEN JONSON.

Born, 1574 ; *Died*, 1637.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely wrapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honour, serve, and love ; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great ;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.

I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride ;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her ; that should with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade Bedford write, and that was she !

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS-DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee !

THE NOBLE NATURE.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures life may perfect be.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Born, 1577 ; *Died*, 1643.

PARAPHRASE OF THE CXLVIII. PSALM.

You who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries,
You whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers.
Angels, your clear voices raise ;
Him, you heavenly armies, praise.
Sun and moon, with borrow'd light,
All you sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, His praise declare :
His deservéd praise record,
His who made you by His word,
Made you evermore to last,
Set your bounds not to be past.
Let the earth His praise resound,
Monstrous whales and seas profound ;
Vapours, lightning, hail and snow ;
Storms which when He bids them blow ;
Flowery hills, and mountains high ;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;
Trees, that fruit in season yield ;
All the cattle of the field ;
Savage beasts, all creeping things ;
All that cut the air with wings.

You who awful sceptres sway,
You inuréd to obey ;
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth ;
Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring ;
You who bow with age's weight,
You who were but born of late ;
Praise His name with one consent ;
O, how great ! how excellent !
Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star.
He will His to honour raise ;
You His saints, resound His praise ;
You who are of Jacob's race,
And united to His grace. Hallelujah !

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

Born, 1584 ; *Died*, 1650.

TO FIND GOD.

Weigh me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;

Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence.
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

Born, 1585; *Died*, 1649.

CONSTANCY OF CHANGE.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sunburnt Gange,
Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days:
Nothing is constant but inconstant change;
What's done is still undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range:
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon;
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleaséd with delights that present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers;
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare:
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,
What soul can be so sick, which by thy song
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrong,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

RETIREMENT.

Thrice happy he, who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O, how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse-sobbing of the widow'd dove,
Than the smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O, how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams, to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, trouble, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

GEORGE WITHER.

Born, 1588; *Died*, 1667.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

LORD, when Thou me shalt gather
Out of this land of life,
Be thou my children's Father,
A Husband to my wife.

When I to them must never
Speak more with tongue or pen,
And they be barr'd for ever
To see my face again,—

Preserve them from each folly
Which, ripening into sin,
Makes root and branch unholy,
And brings destruction in.

Let not this world bewitch them
With her besotting wine,
But let Thy grace enrich them
With faith and love divine.

And whilst we live together,
Let us upon Thee call,
Help to prepare each other
For what may yet befall.

So just, so faithful-hearted,
So constant let us be,
That when we here are parted,
We may all meet in Thee.

* * * * * *

THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key ;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day !
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen ;
But what I once enjoy'd in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
So little hold on them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravish'd be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise,
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Born, 1591 ; *Died*, 1674.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay here yet awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

* * * * *

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Born, 1592; *Died*, 1644.

DIVINE EJACULATION.

Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord God of gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to Heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within,
Be Thou my Prince, be Thou my Priest,—
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
  Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
  Be not possest and blest in Thee ;
What I enjoy, O make it mine,
In making me, that have it, Thine !

When winter-fortunes cloud the brows
  Of summer friends ; when eyes grow strange ;
When plighted faith forgets its vows ;
  When earth and all things in it change ;
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never:
Where once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever.

Great God ! whose kingdom hath no end,
  Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
  Whose justice none can feel and live,
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Born, 1593 ; *Died*, 1632.

THE GIFTS OF GOD.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let Us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
  Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be sick and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast.

CONSTANCY.

Who is the honest man ?
He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true :
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due.

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glittering look it blind :
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind.

Who when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shuns them, but doth calmly stay,
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay.

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
For above all things he abhors deceit:
His words and works and fashion too
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight.

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun.

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill.
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

SIN.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears :
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences :
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

Born, 1596 ; *Died*, 1666.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

ASCRIBED TO NICHOLAS BRETON.

Age of Queen Elizabeth.

I WOULD I were an excellent divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends,
That men might hear out of this mouth of mine
How God doth make His enemies His friends;
Rather than with a thundering and long prayer
Be led into presumption, or despair.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God:
And know there is no other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the world above.

And I would frame a kind of faithful prayer
For all estates within the state of grace;
That careful love might never know despair,
Nor servile fear might faithful love deface;
And this would I both day and night devise
To make my humble spirits exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life,
  Persuade the troubled soul to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to his wife,
  To child and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all might cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
  Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
  And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

EDMUND WALLER.

Born, 1605; *Died*, 1687.

The seas are quiet when the winds are o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more;
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries;
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON.

Born, 1608; *Died*, 1674.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SCHEME OF REDEMPTION TO THE ANGELS.

No sooner had the' Almighty ceased, but—all
The multitude of angels, with a shout,
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy—heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
The' eternal regions. Lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground,
With solemn adoration, down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant! a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft, shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams:
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses, smiled.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,—
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side

Like quivers hung,—and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
No voice exempt; no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.
"Thee, FATHER," first they sung, "Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; Thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, Thyself invisible,
Amidst the glorious brightness where Thou sit'st
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shad'st
The full blaze of Thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about Thee, like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright, Thy skirts appear:
Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."
"Thee," next they sung, "of all creation first,
Begotten SON, Divine Similitude!
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold: on Thee
Impress'd, the' effulgence of His glory abides;
Transfused on Thee His ample Spirit rests:
He heaven of heavens, and all the powers therein,
By Thee created; and by Thee threw down
The' aspiring dominations. Thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare;
Nor stop Thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit Thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of Thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on His foes;
Not so on man: him, through their malice fallen,

Father of mercy and grace! Thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline.
No sooner did Thy dear and only Son
Perceive Thee purposed not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,
He, to appease Thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in Thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein He sat
Second to Thee, offer'd Himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
Forget, nor from Thy Father's praise disjoin."

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born!
Or of the' eternal co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovereign vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;

So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd! Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song: but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me! from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out!
So much the rather Thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse; that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

O THOU, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell : how glorious once above thy sphere !
'Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.
Ah, wherefore ! He deserved no such return
From me, whom He created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with His good
Upbraided none ; nor was His service hard.
What could be less than to afford Him praise,
(The easiest recompense,) and pay Him thanks :
How due ! yet all His good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice : lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest ; and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe :
Forgetful what from Him I still received ;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged : what burden then ?
O, had His powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel ! I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part : but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken ; from within,
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will, and power to stand ?
Thou hadst ! Whom hast thou then, or what, to' accuse,
But heaven's free love, dealt equally to all ?

Be then His love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curst be thou! since against His thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then, at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance? none for pardon left?
None left, but my submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent as void;
(For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall. So should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting He, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold! in stead
Of us out-cast, exiled, His new delight
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good! By thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign:
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

SAMSON'S LAMENT.

O DARK, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!
O first-created Beam, and Thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved Thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the' eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?

Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
To live a life half-dead, a living death,
And buried; but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave:
Buried, yet not exempt,
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

FROM "COMUS."

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify its hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

FROM "LYCIDAS."

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks.
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.—

* * * *

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more ;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,

Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

FROM "L'ALLEGRO."

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd pleasures free :—
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :—
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :—

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daises pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

* * * *

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes of many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

FROM "IL PENSEROSO."

And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the' accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bell-man's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

* * * *

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye ;
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the' unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

SONNET, ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide:
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in Thy book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

(Ascribed to Milton.)

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted, and deserted of my kind;
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me: and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognise Thy purpose, clearly shown:
My vision Thou hast dimm'd that I may see
Thyself,—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

O! I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapp'd in the radiance of Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;
Shapes of transcendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Born, 1615 ; *Died*, 1652.

TEMPERANCE; OR, THE CHEAP PHYSICIAN.

Go now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease ; and whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The' oraculous doctor's mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills :
And what at last shalt gain by these ?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark hither, reader ! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Wilt see a man all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ;
Her garments that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit ;
A well-clothed soul that's not oppress'd
Nor choked with what she should be dress'd ;

A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine :
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride ;—
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams ;
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day ?
Wouldst see a man whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
A man whose tunéd humours be
A seat of rarest harmony ?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age ? Wouldst see December smile ?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow ?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring ?
In him, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man ?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers,
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends ;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away ;—
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see ?
Hark hither ! and thyself be he.

POETS

OF THE RESTORATION.

&c.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Born, 1618; *Died*, 1667.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect! What can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup doth fill.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee doth sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life 's no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born, 1631; *Died*, 1701.

REASON AND RELIGION.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light.

DESCRIPTION OF A BOLD BAD MAN.

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit.
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high.
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?

THE WAR-HORSE.

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpets and the shouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts place, and paws, and hopes the promised fight:
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclined,
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the wind.
Eager he stands: then, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground;
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils flow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Born, 1664; *Died*, 1721.

CHARITY.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounced, or angels sung:
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;

And had I power to give that knowledge birth
In all the speeches of the babbling earth:
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire:
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice,—
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes.—
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows,
Its proper bounds and due restriction knows;
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its power,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and Prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse and endless praise receive.
As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,

A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show:
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawning of beams and promises of day;
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy.
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity!
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Born, 1672; *Died*, 1719.

CATO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
—'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes, must we pass!
The wide, the' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold:—If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy:
But—when?—or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures:—This must end them.
(Laying his hand on his sword.)
Thus am I doubly arm'd; my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end,
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

ISAAC WATTS.

Born, 1674; *Died*, 1748.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea;
And leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine; the tempest raves;
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the heads of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.
Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease:
(*Her faith can govern death:*) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise;
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies:
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Born, 1681 ; *Died*, 1765.

FROM "THE COMPLAINT."

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun !
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and couldst know
No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing ! with the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
All weight in this—O, let me live to Thee !

* * * *

Blest be that hand Divine, which gently laid,
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world 's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril.
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
And meditate on scenes more silent still,
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,

Eager Ambition's fiery chase I see ;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst Law's enclosure, leap the mounds of Right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles ;
Till Death, the mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What, though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
Earth's highest station ends in, " Here he lies ; "
And " Dust to dust " concludes her noblest song.

* * * *

On piety humanity is built ;
And on humanity much happiness ;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven ;
Feels not the tumults nor the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passions and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believed, is joy begun ;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced ;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er Death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.

* * * *

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in thy choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix :
Judge before friendship, then confide to death.

FROM "THE LOVE OF FAME; A SATIRE."

Let high-birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Born, 1688; *Died*, 1744.

FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold on Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn:
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN.

Born, 1690; *Died*, 1739.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies;
To earth whose ashes lent
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls and bodies join,
What crowds shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

ON THE ERECTION OF THE MONUMENT TO BUTLER, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He ask'd for BREAD, and he received a STONE.

RELIGION.

Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood:
Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free,
Against example resolutely good,
Fervent in zeal and warm in charity:
Who ne'er forsook her faith for love of peace,
Nor sought with fire and sword to show her zeal;
Duteous to princes when they most oppress;
Patient in bearing ill, and doing well:
In prayers and tears she sought and found defence,
Nor raised rebellious arms to strengthen Providence.

Her prudent care was fix'd on heaven's height,
Yet by her steps on earth that care was shown;
Fearless of harm in darkness, as in light;
Fearful of sin at midnight, as at noon!
A bloody cross was portray'd on her shield,
Whose sight the monster scarcely could sustain,
Feeble to gain, yet loth to quit, the field;
Blasted and thunder-struck with chilling pain,
When 'gainst his head her sacred arms she bent,—
Strict watch, and fast severe, and prayer omnipotent.

MEHETABEL WESLEY.

Born, 1697; *Died*, 1750.

TO HER DYING INFANT.

TENDER softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rend thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long-enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thine own!
Fairest eyes! whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguish'd be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!
Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the BLOSSOM blast the TREE!

JAMES THOMSON.

Born, 1700 ; *Died*, 1748.

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year :
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! With clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with Thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined ;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty Hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth the grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft! whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
O, talk of Him in solitary glooms;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round!
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world.
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,—
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray

Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,—
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the' Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full ;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Born, 1708; *Died*, 1788.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF DR. BOYCE.

FATHER of harmony, farewell !
Farewell for a few fleeting years !

Translated from the mournful vale;
Jehovah's flaming ministers
Have borne thee to thy place above,
Where all is harmony and love.

Thy generous, good, and upright heart,
That sigh'd for a celestial lyre,
Was tuned on earth to bear a part
Symphonious with that warbling quire,
Where Handel strikes the golden strings,
And plausive angels clap their wings.

Handel, and all the tuneful train,
Who well employ'd their art divine,
To' announce the great Messiah's reign,
In joyful acclamations join,
And springing from their azure seat,
With shouts their new-born brother meet.

Thy brow a radiant circle wears,
Thy hand a seraph's harp receives,
And, singing with the morning stars,
Thy soul in endless rapture lives,
And hymns on the eternal throne
Jehovah and His conquering Son.

PRAYER FOR A DYING CHILD.

When Thou didst our Isaac give,
Him we trembled to receive;
Him we call'd not ours, but Thine;
Him we promised to resign.

Meekly we our vow repeat;
Nature *shall* to grace submit;
Let him on the altar lie;
Let the victim live, or die!

Yet Thou know'st what pangs of love
In a father's bosom move;
What the agony to part
Struggling in a mother's heart.

Sorely tempted and distress'd,
Can we make the fond request?
Dare we pray for a reprieve?
Need we ask that he may live?

God we absolutely trust,
Wise, and merciful, and just;
All Thy works to Thee are known,
All Thy blessed will be done.

If his life a snare would prove,
Rob us of Thy heavenly love,
Steal our hearts from God away,
Mercy will not let him stay.

If his life would matter raise
Of Thine everlasting praise,
More his Saviour glorify,
Mercy will not let him die.

YOUTH AND AGE.

When young, and full of sanguine hope,
And warm in my first love,

My spirit's loins I girded up,
And sought the things above,
Swift on the wings of active zeal
With Jesu's message flew,
O'erjoy'd with all my heart and will
My Master's work to do.

Freely where'er I would, I went
Through Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Happy to spend and to be spent
In minist'ring His grace:
I found no want of will or power,
In love's sweet task employ'd,
And put forth every day and hour
My utmost strength for God.

As strong, and glorying in my might,
I drew the two-edged sword,
Valiant against a troop to fight
The battles of the Lord;
I scorn'd the multitude to dread,
Rush'd on with full career,
And aim'd at each opposer's head,
And smote off many an ear.

But now, enervated by age,
I feel my fierceness gone,
And nature's powers no more engage
To prop the Saviour's throne:
My total impotence I see,
For help on Jesus call,
And stretch my feeble hands to Thee,
Who workest all in all.

Thy captive, Lord, myself I yield,
As purely passive clay;
Thy holy will be all fulfill'd,
Constraining mine to' obey:
My passions by Thy Spirit bind,
And, govern'd by Thy Word,
I'll suffer all the woes design'd
To make me like my Lord.

Wholly at Thy dispose I am,
No longer at my own,
All self-activity disclaim,
And move in God alone:
Transport, do what Thou wilt with me,
A few more evil days,
But bear me safe through all to see
My dear Redeemer's face.

EPITAPH ON MRS. WESLEY.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd His Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;

She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, my love!"
"I come," her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like, as her Lord, she died.

LINES DICTATED A SHORT TIME BEFORE DEATH.

In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart:
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Born, 1709; *Died*, 1784.

FROM "THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES."

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the Polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realm of Frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Did hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

JOHN GAMBOLD.

Born, 1711; *Died*, 1771.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
  And call'd these eyes and hands my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
  And childhood have, and manhood known:
O what is life! and this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,
  And warm excursions of the mind,
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,
  While practice grovell'd far behind:
O what is thought! and where withdraw
The glories that my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes
  Have on my quivering soul had power;
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,
  The boast or burden of the hour:
O what is all we feel! why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,
  So at one interview display'd;
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine
  In lasting bonds my heart have laid:

O what is friendship! why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue! why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead:
O what is death! 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright result shall rise
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

Ask not, who ended here his span?
His name, reproach, and praise, was man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No deed of his but show'd him worse:
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffer'd human life—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life was sacred all—and vain:
Sacred how high, and vain how low?
He knew not here, but died to know.

THOMAS GRAY.

Born, 1716; *Died*, 1771.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the' inevitable hour :
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes the ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes;

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree :

Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head, upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery all he had—a tear ;
He gain'd from Heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born, 1720 ; *Died*, 1756.

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746.

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,

She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

MARK AKENSIDE.

Born, 1721; *Died*, 1770.

TASTE.

What then is Taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first His active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky: full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold

The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.

* * * *

Though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved.

WILLIAM MASON.

Born, 1725; *Died*, 1797.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear;
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic Fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas even to thee,) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Born, 1728; *Died*, 1774.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His Pity gave ere Charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,

The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village Master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face :

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings that he frown'd.
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the Parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

Here as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangled walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs,—and God has given my share,—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose ;

I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes—my long vexations past—
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest Retirement, friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care that never may be mine !
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring Famine from his gate :
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While Resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening at the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

MODERN POETS.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born, 1731; *Died*, 1800.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery-window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived:
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery-floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd ;
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart : the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no : what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,

There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;—
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now farewell.—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to' have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

FROM "CONVERSATION."

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more:
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one
Sent to do more than He appear'd to' have done,—
To' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else,—and wonder'd He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A Stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind, engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, He gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We must not now be parted: sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at the simple feast,
He bless'd the bread; but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?"

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at Him.
Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope.
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
Match'd against truths, as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God Himself exact?
Or make that fiction, which was once a fact?
No: marble and recording brass decay,
And like the graver's memory pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
Its head is guarded as its base is sure;
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of the' eternal plan appears,
The raging storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Hearts may be found that harbour at this hour
The love of Christ, and all its quick'ning power;
And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for the' ablution of our woes.
O days of heaven, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heavenly days,
When souls drawn upward in communion sweet
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat;

Discourse, as if released and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted Rest.

* * * *

Is sparkling wit the World's exclusive right?
The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light?
Can hopes of heaven, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft us out of Sorrow's power,
Obscure or quench a faculty, that finds
Its happiest soil in the serenest minds?
Religion curbs indeed its wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rigorous sway,
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And, purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight:
Vigorous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth!
Temperance and peace ensure its healthful state,
And make it brightest at its latest date.
O, I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again,)
A veteran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-eyed;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-be's of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified its use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce;
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,

His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet above all, his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,—
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he loved so well.

FROM "THE TASK."

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the' archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,

Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the Brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by her foes!
And mingle with the cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid!
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face.

TO MARY UNWIN.

Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honour due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings:—
But thou hast little need. There is a Book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

TO MARY (MRS. UNWIN).

AUTUMN OF 1793.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast.
Ah, would that this might be the last,
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow;
I see thee daily weaker grow:
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limb thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance to the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD.

Born, 1743; *Died*, 1825.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time :
Say not Good night ; but in some other clime,
Bid me Good morning.

JAMES BEATTIE.

Born, 1735 ; *Died*, 1803.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you :
For Morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !
O, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !

'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; that dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

O, pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee:
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of Morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

LADY ANNE BARNARD (LINDSAY).

Born, 1750; *Died*, 1825.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loved me well, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;

To make the crown a pund, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been gane but a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick; my Jamie was at sea;
And auld Robin Gray—came a courting me!

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win:
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"

My heart it said Nay; I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack! why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me!

My father urged me sair; my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was at the sea;
Sae auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife but weeks only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "Jeanie, I'm come hame to marry thee!"

Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We tak but ae kiss, and tore oursels away:

I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to dee.
O, why was I born to cry, Wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For auld Robin Gray, O! he is kind unto me.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Born, 1754; *Died*, 1832.

AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble Peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd:

(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find:)—
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning,—though my clerk agreed,
If death should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys, to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that Slander's tongue defied,—
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force), are there.
But he is bless'd, and I lament no more,
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

ROBERT BURNS.

Born, 1759; *Died*, 1796.

TO A MOUNTAIN-DAISY, ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shel'tring woods and wa's maun shield !
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
In humble guise :
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

———

JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent:
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

MY loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;[a]
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose ;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shadow of an aged tree ;
The' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher[b] through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin[c] noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve[d] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie[e] rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bran new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

[a] Rushing sound. [b] Stagger. [c] Fluttering. [d] By and by. [e] Cautious.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos[f] that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars[g] auld claes look amaist as weel's the new!
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent[h] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
"An', O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door:
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, an' convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[i] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

[f] News. [g] Makes. [h] Diligent. [i] Half.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
The father cracks[j] of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate[k] and laithfu',[l] scarce can weel behave ;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[m]

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've pacéd much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare :
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ?

[j] Talks. [k] Bashful. [l] Sheepish. [m] The rest.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food ;
The soupe their only hawkie[n] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[o] snugly chows her cood :
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd[p] kebbuck,[q] fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a 'towmond[r] auld sin' lint was i' the bell.[s]

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[t] wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[u] a portion with judicious care ;
And, "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name ;
Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

[n] Cow. [o] Partition-wall. [p] Well-saved. [q] Cheese. [r] A twelvemonth. [s] Since the flax was in flower. [t] Grey locks [u] Chooses.

The priestlike father reads the sacred page,
How Abr'am was the friend of God on high ;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He who, bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ;
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he who, lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!

The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert.
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul.
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way :
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride ;
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little-ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs.
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings ;
"An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp ? A cumbrous load.
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be 'bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content !
And, O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part;
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Born, 1762; *Died*, 1855.

FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

THEN before all they stand—the holy vow,
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kiss'd off as soon as shed,
His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;

Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fire-side happiness, to hours of ease,
Bless'd with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

THE MEETING OF GALILEO AND MILTON.

Sacred be
His cottage, (justly was it call'd the jewel,)
Sacred the vineyard, where while yet his sight
Glimmer'd, at blush of dawn, he dress'd his vines,
Chanting aloud, in gaiety of heart,
Some verse of Ariosto. There, unseen,
In manly beauty, Milton stood before him,
Gazing in reverend awe, Milton his guest,
Just then come forth, all life and enterprise:
He in his old age and extremity,
Blind, at noonday exploring with his staff,
His eyes upturn'd as to the golden sun,
His eyeballs idly rolling. Little then
Did Galileo think, when he bade welcome,
That in his hand he held the hand of one
Who could requite him, who would spread his name
O'er lands and seas; great as himself, nay, greater:

Milton, as little, that in him he saw,
As in a glass, what he himself should be;
Destined so soon to fall on evil days
And evil tongues; so soon, alas! to live
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude.

LADY CAROLINA NAIRN.

Born, 1766; *Died*, 1845.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'M wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's no sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean;
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Born, 1770; *Died*, 1850.

A CHARACTER.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn:
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

THE LOST LOVE.

She dwelt among the' untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in the grave, and O!
The difference to me!

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

TO THE SKYLARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,—
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

Sept. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In its first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
The very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

LUCY GRAY; OR, SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage-door!

You yet may spy the hare at play,
The fawn upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night;
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!
'Tis scarcely afternoon;
The Minster clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wander'd up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they cross'd:
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
The footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child ;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

FROM "ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD."

* * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the lap of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage,"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

* * * *

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy;
Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance that was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Born, 1771 ; *Died*, 1832.

SCOTCH SCENERY.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way ;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle ;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,

Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair ;
For, from their shiver'd brows display'd,
Far o'er the' unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drops' sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon Nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there ;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower ;
Foxglove and nightshade side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Grey birch and aspen wept beneath ;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,

Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue,
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim,
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks, and dark blue knolls their face
Could on the dark blue mirror trace ;
And farther as the hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girded with its moat ;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel-saplings lent their aid ;

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far-winding lay
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south huge Ben-venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world ;
A wildering forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

* * * *

And much I miss those sportive boys,
Companions of my mountain-joys,
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
Close to my side with what delight
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,
When, pointing to his airy mound,
I call'd his ramparts holy ground !
Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;
And I have smiled to feel my cheek,
Despite the difference of our years,
Return again the glow of theirs.
Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure,
They will not, cannot long endure ;

Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,
You may not linger by the side ;
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,
And Passion ply the sail and oar.
Yet cherish the remembrance still
Of the lone mountain and the rill.
When musing on companions gone
We doubly feel ourselves alone,
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,—
There is a pleasure in this pain :
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils ;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake
By lone St. Mary's silent lake :
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen nor sedge
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;
Abrupt and sheer the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink ;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror, bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where of land yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake yon slender pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour :

Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie ;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman, lone might dwell ;
There 's nothing left to Fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness ;
And silence aids : though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills,
In summer-tide so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

HYMN OF A JEWESS.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays.
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen ;
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of ram, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Born, 1771 ; *Died*, 1854.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way ;
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay :"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came ;

Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd ; not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all ; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate ; but gave me part again :
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
For, while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it brimming o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night—the floods were out ; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest—
Laid him on my own couch to rest ;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment—he was heal'd :
I had myself a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die ?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will !"

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes !
He spake—and my poor name He named,—
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed :
These deeds shall thy memorial be :
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me !"

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass,
He meets his pictured face as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are His people tried :
Thrice happy they who to the end endure.
But who the fiery trial may abide ?
Who from the crucible come forth so pure,

That He whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see His image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
As in that mirror the refiner's face;
But, stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be shown
Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
And round that seal of love this motto be,
"Not for a moment, but—eternity!"

NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep,
The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;
O'er the ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full-moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumb'ring host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the' abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away :
So will His followers do,—
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born, 1772 ; *Died*, 1834.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

And hark! the Nightingale begins his song ;
Most musical, most melancholy bird!
A melancholy bird? O! idle thought.—
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of some grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love ;
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds give back the tale
Of his own sorrow ;) he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain ;
And many a poet echoes the conceit.
We have learnt
A different lore ; we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance. 'Tis the merry nightingale,

That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

HYMN.

BEFORE SUNRISE, IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

Beside the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!
Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.
Thou First and Chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—

Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! Let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo—God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
Into the depth of clouds, that veil thy breast,—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me,—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Born, 1774; *Died*, 1843.

AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he beside his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,—
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;

For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in that great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing-mother then
And new-born baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead ; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears ;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead ; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity ;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Born, 1777 ; *Died*, 1844.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone,
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round our ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,
Then ceased,—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save.

So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day ;
While the sun look'd shining bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral-light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

" Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate ! while I can feel thy dear caress ;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—O think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,

That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
O! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs when I am laid in dust!

"Half I could bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge; but shall there then be none,
In future times,—no gentle little one,
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

I.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;

Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till Danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of Peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS MOORE.

Born, 1780; *Died*, 1852.

TO MRS. TIGHE.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
  Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
  And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
  Which flits not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
  Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines
  With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
  Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath a simple guise
  Thy radiant genius shone;
And that which charm'd all other eyes
  Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
  Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love.
  We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
  Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
  Than to remember thee, Mary!

REMEMBRANCES.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
Thus in the stilly night
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

REGINALD HEBER,

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

Born, 1783; *Died*, 1826.

The Lord of Might from Sinai's brow
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye
In nature's hour of danger;
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

NIGHT.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May Thine angel-guards defend us!
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us!
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This live-long night!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Born, 1784; *Died*, 1842.

TO HIS WIFE.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song, which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit!

Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood ;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when beneath Arbigland tree
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon ;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet ;
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose ;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song ;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower ;
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree ;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine,—
A song-wreath which might grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light ;

And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:
O, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And high resolve, and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak;
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

Born, 1784; *Died*, 1859.

TO T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears;
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now ;
And calmly, midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah ! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new ;
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too ;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, " He has departed ;
His voice—his face—is gone ;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on ;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fix'd and sleeping !
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering as a smile :—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, " We've finish'd here."

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Born, 1785; *Died*, 1806.

WHAT art Thou, MIGHTY ONE! and where Thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And Thou dost bear within Thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or on the red wing of the fierce monsoon
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost Thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

JOHN WILSON.

Born, 1785; *Died*, 1854.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

WHEN nature feels the solemn hour is come
That parts the spirit from her mortal clay,
May that hour find me in my weeping home,
'Mid the blest stillness of a Sabbath-day!

May none I deeply love be then away ;
For through my heart the hush'd though sobbing breath
Of natural grief a holy calm will send ;
With sighs from earth will heavenly voices blend,
Till, as on seraph fair, I smile on death,
Who comes in peace, like an expected friend.
Dipt in celestial hues the wings of Love
Will o'er my soul a gracious shade extend ;
While, as if air were sun, gleams from above
The day with God, the Sabbath without end !*

GEORGE GORDON LORD BYRON.

Born, 1788 ; *Died*, 1824.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

The' Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

* Wilson died on Sunday, the 2d of April, 1854.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow at the glance of the LORD!

WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's Capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—
But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful dawn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe ! They come ! they come !"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !

Ere evening, to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling of arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction: once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night-carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill :
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

* * * *

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength !
Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night.—Most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest, and of thee !

How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

* * * *

Now where the swift Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunderbolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departed voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—

And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
And dimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost,—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

* * * *

There were two fathers in that ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing." And he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate:
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wish'd-for shower at length was come,

And the boy's eyes, which the dull film had glazed,
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into the dying child's mouth,—but in vain.

The boy expired : the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long ; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
Then he himself sunk down, all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Born, 1788; *Died*, 1834.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :—
When the ways of the world oppress the heart,
And I'm tired of its vanity, vileness, and art ;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—

Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by Fate or by Falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my *native land!* whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime:
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!—
All, all, now forsaken, forgotten, or gone—
And I a lone exile, remember'd of none—
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone!
Aweary of all that is under the sun—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the deserts afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife:
And the proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;—
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondsman's sigh,—
O, then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand
(The only law of the Desert land);

But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen ;
By valleys remote where the Oribi plays,
Where the nhu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze.
Where the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forest o'ergrown with wild vine :
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood ;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood ;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vley where the wild ass is drinking his fill.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively ;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane
In fields seldom freshen'd by moisture or rain ;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste ;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead ;
And the grisly wolf and the shrieking jackall
Howl for their prey at the evening fall ;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyænas grim
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side—
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the White Man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the restless Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan ;

A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which Man hath abandon'd through famine and fear:
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his cleft in the stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the Pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with ozier'd sides,
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor rock, nor tree, nor misty mountain,
Is found to refresh the wearied eye:
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this at length is—*Solitude!*

And here,—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert-stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land,—
A "still small voice" comes through the wild,
(Like a Father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

JOHN KEBLE.

Born, 1789; *Died*, 1866.

EVENING HYMN.

'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness,
The traveller on his way must press;
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out wisdom, power, and love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or, by the light Thy words disclose,
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense;—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;—
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,

Be my last thought, How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd, to-day, the voice Divine;
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store:
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near, and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

CHARLES WOLF.

Born, 1791; *Died*, 1823.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Born, 1792; *Died*, 1822.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied Joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? What ignorance of pain ?

With thy keen clear joyance
Languor cannot be ;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joys we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world would listen then, as I am listening now.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

Born, 1793; *Died*, 1835.

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

It is recorded of Henry the First, that after the death of his son, Prince William, who perished in a shipwreck off the coast of Normandy, he was never seen to smile.

The bark that held a Prince went down:
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?

He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain ;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn ?
He never smiled again !

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave ;
But which could fill the place of one—
That one beneath the wave !
Before him pass'd the young and fair
In Pleasure's reckless train ;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair,—
He never smiled again !

He sat where festal bowls went round ;
He heard the minstrel sing ;
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd
In many a knightly ring.
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep ;—
He never smiled again.

Hearts in that time closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd ;
And strangers fill'd the kinsman's place
At many a festal board.
Graves, that true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain :
Fresh hopes were born for brighter years—
He never smiled again !

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Fair images of sleep,
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep,
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers, in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies!

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops from memory's troubled fountains wrung,
While Hope hath blights to bear,
While Love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung!

Yet from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come,
Fondly to linger o'er your lovely rest,
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the sweet breathings low,
Of babes that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dove-like tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentle forms entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink!
Send from your calm profound
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink!

By all the pure meek mind
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die!
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest dead!
The faith, trust, joy, of immortality!

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

Blessings, O Father! shower,
Father of mercies! round his precious head!
On his lone walks, and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!

Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power:—O! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will!
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, Thy sustaining love,
His bosom-guest inalienably be,
That, wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimm'd! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy Spirit free;
And when Thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingering heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.*

"Thou falcon-hearted dove!"—COLERIDGE.

THE Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its lily-flowers.

* Queen of St. Louis. Whilst besieged by the Turks in Damietta, during the captivity of the King, her husband, she there gave birth to a son, whom she named Tristan, in commemoration of her misfortunes. Information being conveyed to her that the Knights entrusted with the defence of the city had resolved on capitulation, she had them summoned to her apartment, and, by her heroic words, so wrought upon their spirits, that they vowed to defend her and the Cross to the last extremity.

Ay, proudly did that banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an Eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful, when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touch'd it silently
Then miss'd a gallant friend.

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm;
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child
With her soft sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
O! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange wild bower was thine, young Queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;

And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtain'd o'er,
For the Daughter of the minstrel-land,
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright Queen of St. Louis,
The star of court and hall!—
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest call!
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear:
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain,
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the Crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful;
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad Queen where she lay;
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye,—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights,
From the bands of Italy!"*

* The French historians attribute the proposal to capitulate to the Knights of Pisa.

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.
They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight;
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes—as before the Falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the' imperial glance
Of Her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high,
Through the din of arms around,
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep;
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep;
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell:
And is it *these* your hearts would yield
To the godless Infidel?

"Then bring me here a breastplate,
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within my arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

"Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely Babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left *one* heart
To perish undefiled,
A woman and a Queen, to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrill'd like leaves,
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood.
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gather'd round the helpless one,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee!
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast,
Rest; we will guard thee well!
St. Dennis for the Lily-flower,
And the Christian citadel!"

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

Born, 1793; *Died*, 1847.

ABIDE WITH ME!

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'dst with Thy disciples, Lord;
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

JOHN KEATS.

Born, 1795; *Died*, 1821.

DETHRONED SATURN.

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went
No further than to where his feet had stray'd,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground

His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bow'd head seem'd listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

FROM "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE."

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

* * * *

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets, cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

* * * *

Thou wert not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep?

THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury—he has never done
With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

ALARIC ALEXANDER WATTS.

Born, 1797; *Died*, 1864.

TO A CHILD,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

I MISS thee from my side,
With thy merry eyes and blue;
From thy crib at morning-tide,
Oft its curtains peeping through;
In the kisses, not a few,
Thou wert wont to give me then;
In thy sleepy sad adieu,
When 'twas time for bed again!

I miss thee from my side,
With thy question oft repeated;
On thy rocking-horse astride,
Or beneath my table seated;
Or, when tired and overheated
With a summer-day's delight,
Many a childish aim defeated,
Sleep hath overpower'd thee quite!

I miss thee from my side,
When brisk Punch is at the door;
Vainly pummels he his bride,
Judy's wrongs can charm no more!
He may beat her till she's sore,
She may die, and he may flee;
Though I loved their squalls of yore,
What's the pageant now to me?

I miss thee from my side,
When the light of day grows pale ;
When with eyelids open'd wide,
Thou would'st list the oft-told tale,
And the murder'd babes bewail ;
Yet so greedy of thy pain,
That, when all my lore would fail,
I must needs begin again !

I miss thee from my side,
Blithe cricket of my hearth !
Oft in secret have I sigh'd
For thy chirping voice of mirth :
When the low-born cares of earth
Chill my heart, and dim my eye,
Grief is stifled in its birth,
If my little prattler's nigh.

I miss thee from my side,
With thy bright, ingenuous smile ;
With thy glance of infant pride,
And the face no tears defile :—
Stay, and other hearts beguile,
Hearts that prize thee fondly too ;
I must spare thy pranks awhile :
Cricket of my hearth, adieu !

THOMAS HOOD.

Born, 1798; *Died*, 1845.

THE DEATH-BED.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Born, 1799; *Died*, 1827.

FRIENDSHIP.

Many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasing to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget,

My early friends, friends of my chequer'd day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love,
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
O ! I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting-spots, our chosen sacred hours ;
Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul ;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth
With all her tardy, leaden-footed cares,
And talk'd the speech, and ate the food of heaven.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Born, 1800 ; *Died*, 1859.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
And as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own Holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye :
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray ;
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin ;
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath
turn'd the rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count
is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a
Biscay gale ;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance ; and, all along
our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew," was pass'd from man
to man.
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my
foe :
Down, down, with every foreigner; but let your
brethren go."
O ! was there ever such a Knight, in friendship or in
war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for
France to-day,
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the Religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet
white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false
Lorraine.
Up with it high ; unfurl it wide ; that all the host
may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which
wrought His church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their
loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of
Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.
Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles.
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your
arms be bright;
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and
ward to-night;
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour
of the brave.
Then glory to His Holy Name, from whom all glories
are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of
Navarre.

THE ARMADA.—A FRAGMENT.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise:
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta till the noon had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums ;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space ;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay Lilies down.
So stalk'd he when he turn'd to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turn'd to bay,
And crush'd and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kiss'd that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay;
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;

For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:
The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves:
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate look'd forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rush'd down
each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came
spurring in:
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-
like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires
of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew these
bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started
for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
bounded still:
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they
sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till stream'd in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the bound-
less plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burn'd on Gaunt's
embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.

Born, 1804; *Died*, 1859.

THE CONVICT-SHIP.

Morn on the waters !—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light !
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like Hope, in the
gale.
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along !
See, she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds !
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away !
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away like a dream of the heart !—
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
O, there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds as they pass her to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep,—as the moon in the sky,—
A phantom of beauty!—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of Hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd:
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!—
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;

While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and
o'er!

WILLIAM MACLARDIE BUNTING.

Born, 1805; *Died*, 1866.

THE PANGS AND SOLACES OF BEREAVEMENT: A MOTHER TO HER DEAD CHILD.*

That I, who could have died to give
Life, under God, to thee,
Was doom'd, in wisdom doom'd, to live,
And thy last struggle see!
That I have nursed thee for another—
Corruption—to call son,
And for the worm, thy monster-mother,
To feed more sweetly on!

—That I, who, day and night, before,
Beside thy cradle sang,
Must change thy bed so soon, and o'er
Thy little coffin hang!
These arms, till late thy couch, must make
Thy fun'ral canopy:
I hush'd thee then, nor let thee wake;
Now, *could* I waken thee!

—That thou, whom Spring had laugh'd to find
Dancing o'er yon green graves,
Must lie below, and stay behind,
Where the dead herbage waves!

* Occasioned by the death of a lovely boy, the son of the Rev. Thomas Galland.

And that amidst the freshen'd bloom,
Which Spring shall soon supply,
The grass-flowers of thy very tomb
Will mock a mother's eye!

—That thou, whom well I loved, my boy,
Should'st scarcely live to bless me;
Requite my care, fulfil my joy,
And *all I was* confess me!
And when thy father's children meet,
All blithe, and fond, and fair,
Each other and their home to greet,
That thou wilt not be there!

These, these are thoughts for many a tear,
If they would let me shed one:
O stunning stroke! O loss severe!
My darling little dead one!
But hark! the very hush of death
Truth to my heart hath taught;
And, softer than a spirit's breath,
Hath woke a calmer thought!

That thou art gone to heaven, without
A fear of other doom,—
Too young to sin,—nor can I doubt,
Accepted from the womb;
One of my first-fruits unto God,
My own-born cherubim,
A spotless dove, I long have owed
In sacrifice to Him!

—That thou art free from death and pain,
And full of life and joy;
That these will never fail again,
And those no more annoy;

That thou canst never cause me woe,
Or disappoint my love;
And that, for less of bliss below,
We shall have more above!

—That I who for my dead one pine,
More than for all that live;
(Thou, who didst leave the ninety-nine,
To seek the one, forgive!)
That I should know my missing lamb
Hath stray'd but from the wold,
The wolf, and the too timid dam,
To the Shepherd and the fold!

—That I am following, soon to find
My child is mine for ever;
That I shall leave one less behind,
When earth and I must sever;
That I have fewer ties on earth,
And more in paradise;
That I have given an angel birth,
And nursed him for the skies!

These, these, O God, are thoughts that calm
Maternal grief to rest!
Pour Thou abundantly this balm
Into my bleeding breast!
And then, bereavement's pangs forgot,
Lasting its solaces,
Whate'er Thou change, resume, allot,
I bow, believe, and bless!

FRAGMENT OF A MARRIAGE-SONG.

Earth's joy but lights the look, or tunes the voice:
Come, Lord of hearts, and bid our hearts rejoice!

So shall the blessing of this hour illume
The Future's shadowy years, and clothe its wastes
with bloom.
Yet, ah! to fondest eyes that bloom but covers
The pathway to the burial-rest of lovers!
There our once warm and wedded hearts must
moulder;
None lonelier, colder.
And are the spirits of the just
Divided with their coffin'd dust?
Or, O, shall death for ever
These troth-join'd hands dissever,
That once have felt (as hath been felt this hour
The magic of that bright, light link of gold.—
Fit emblem of a soul-enchaining power,—
These hands whose very touch hath told
So many a tale of tender feeling
The lips had falter'd in revealing,
And struck so many a thrill of bliss
Through all our nature's nameless sympathies;
Shall death for ever
These hands dissever,
Hush human tones, and hide familiar faces,
Change all we were, and blot the latest traces
Of a glad, stirring, social scene like this?

No; bless'd be "Jesus and the resurrection,"
And that "new earth," the home of pure affection:
"Man on the throne!" if Thou be Lord above,
Our being and our bliss shall still be love;
And this earth's hallow'd charms and charities,
Earthly no more, shall flourish in the skies.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Born, 1809; *Died*, 1861.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

I.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blooming toward the west;—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

II.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in long ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound if stricken is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:

But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland?

III.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy:
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children:
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

IV.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time:
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We look'd into the pit prepared to take her:
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice, it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes:

And merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud by the kirk-chime.
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

v.

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have:
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city;
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslip pretty,
Laugh aloud to see your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI.

"For O," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII.

" For all day the wheels are droning, turning :
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places :
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
All are turning all the day, and we with all,
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
' O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning,
' Stop ! be silent for to-day ! ' "

VIII.

Ay, be silent ! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth !
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth !
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals :
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark ;
And the children's souls, which God is drawing sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray ;
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.

They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirr'd?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X.

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.*
We know no other words except 'Our Father;'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with Me, my child!'

XI.

"But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.

* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's report of his commission.

"Go to!" say the children,—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving:
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving.
And the children doubt of each.

XII.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
They know the grief of man, without its wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without its calm;
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The harvest of its memories cannot reap;—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly.
Let them weep! let them weep!

XIII.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see;
For they mind you of their angels in high places,
With eyes turn'd on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mail'd heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?

Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

COWPER'S GRAVE.

I.

It is a place where poets crown'd may feel the heart's decaying:
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

II.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

III.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,

And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

IV.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

V.

With quiet sadness and no gloom I learn to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud to His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

VI.

And wrought within his shatter'd brain such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences:
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refresh'd him like a slumber.

VII.

Wild, timid hares were drawn from woods to share
his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's
ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and
loving.

VIII.

And though, in blindness, he remain'd unconscious of
that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of
providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while phrensy deso-
lated,
—Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only God created.

IX.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while
she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her
kisses,—
That turns his fever'd eyes around,—"My mother!
where's my mother?"—
As if such tender words and deeds could come from
any other!—

X.

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending
o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, tho' unweary love
she bore him:—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death to save him.

XI.

Thus? O, not *thus!* no type of earth can image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking,
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt those Eyes alone, and knew,—*My Saviour! not* deserted!

XII.

Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested?
What frantic hands outstretch'd have e'er the' atoning drops averted?
What tears have wash'd them from the soul, that *one* should be deserted?

XIII.

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;
And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and Father;
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphan'd cry His universe hath shaken,—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

XIV.

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!
That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

THE SLEEP.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."—PSALM cxxvii. 2.

I.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

II.

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

III.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,

A little dust to over-weep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.—
He giveth His beloved sleep.

IV.

"Sleep soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep :
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved sleep.

V.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
O men, with wailing in your voices !
O delvéd gold, the wailers heap !
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep.

VI.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap :
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

VII.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man

Confirm'd in such a rest to keep ;
But angels say, and through the word
I think their happy smile is *heard*,—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

VIII.

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

IX.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His beloved sleep."

CROWNED AND WEDDED.

I.

When last before her people's face her own fair face she bent,
Within the meek projection of that shade she was content
To' erase the child-smile from her lips, which seem'd as if it might
Be still kept holy from the world to childhood still in sight,—

To' erase it with a solemn vow, a princely vow—to rule,
A priestly vow—to rule by grace of God the pitiful,
A very godlike vow to rule in right and righteousness,
And with the law and for the land—so God the vower bless!

II.

The minster was alight that day, but not with fire, I ween,
And long-drawn glitterings swept adown that mighty-aisléd scene;
The priests stood stoléd in their pomp, the sworded chiefs in theirs,
And so the collar'd knights, and so the civil ministers,
And so the waiting lords and dames, and little pages best
At holding trains, and legates so, from countries east and west;
So alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,
Along whose brows the Queen's, now crown'd, flash'd coronets to light;
And so the people at the gates with priestly hands on high,
Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty;
And so the Dead, who lie in rows beneath the minster-floor,
There verily an awful state maintaining evermore;
The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be,
The courtier who for no fair Queen will rise up to his knee,

The court-dame who for no court-tire will leave her
shroud behind,
The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to
dust" can find,
The kings and queens who, having made that vow
and worn that crown,
Descended unto lower thrones and darker, deep adown:
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them? what meaning
can it have?—
The King of kings, the right of Death—God's
judgment and the grave.
And when betwixt the quick and dead the young
fair Queen had vow'd,
The living shouted, "May she live! Victoria, live!"
aloud:
And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits pray'd
between,
"The blessings happy monarchs have be thine,
O crowned Queen!"

III.

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness
thereunto.
She vow'd to rule, and in that oath her childhood
put away:
She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love
to-day.
O lovely lady! let her vow! such lips become such
vows,
And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with
vernal brows.
O lovely lady! let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!
And though she be no less a Queen, with purples
hung above,

The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
And woven gold to catch her looks turn'd maidenly
to ground,
Yet may the bride-veil hide from her a little of that
state,
While loving hopes for retinues about her sweetness
wait.
She vows to love who vow'd to rule—(the chosen at
her side):
Let none say, "God preserve the Queen!" but rather,
"Bless the bride!"
None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none
violate the dream
Wherein no monarch but a wife she to herself may
seem.
Or if ye say, "Preserve the Queen!" O, breathe it
inward low:
She is a *woman*, and *beloved!* and 'tis enough but so.
Count it enough, thou noble Prince who tak'st her
by the hand,
And claimest for thy lady-love our Lady of the
land!
And since, Prince Albert, men have call'd thy spirit
high and rare,
And true to truth and brave for truth as some at
Augsburgh were,
We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts and by thy
poet-mind
Which not by glory and degree takes measure of
mankind,
Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than
for ring,
And hold her uncrown'd womanhood to be the royal
thing.

IV.

And now, upon our Queen's last vow what blessings
shall we pray?
None straiten'd to a shallow crown will suit our lips
to-day:
Behold, they must be free as love, they must be broad
as free,
Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's
humanity.
Long live she!—send up loyal shouts, and true hearts
pray between,—
The blessings happy PEASANTS have, be thine,
O crowned Queen!

ELIZA JONES.

(MRS. FALLOW.)

THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN.

CAN angel-spirits need repose,
In the full sunlight of the sky?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub's bright and dazzling eye?

Have seraphim a weary brow,
A fainting heart, an aching breast?
No; far too high their pulses flow,
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
The banquet of delight above?
Or bear for one short hour to miss
The vision of the Lord they love?

O! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could still the everlasting song:
No fairy dream, or slumber deep,
Entrance the rapt and holy throng.

Yet, not the lightest tone was heard
From angel-voice or angel-hand;
And not one pluméd pinion stirr'd
Among the bow'd and blissful band:

For there was silence in the sky,
A joy not angel-tongues could tell,
As from its mystic fount on high
The peace of God in stillness fell.

O, what is silence here below?
The quiet of conceal'd despair,
The pause of pain, the dream of woe!
It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the wayworn pilgrim here,
More kindred seems the perfect peace,
Than the full chant of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the palace of my God!

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT OF THE SLEEPING CHILD,

IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

If cherubs slumber, such is their repose,
So motionless, so beautiful they lie;
While o'er their forms a soften'd splendour glows,
And round their couch celestial breezes sigh.

And such the rest of Eve in Eden's bower,
Her white brow beaming in the moonlight ray;
Calm she reclined, as some night-closing flower,
To rise more radiant at the break of day.

And such our sleep in happy childhood, ere
Thought, like a giant, from his rest, awoke
To bind the bounding heart, and fasten there
His iron fetters, and his heavy yoke.

Thus, as I gazed on that fair-fashion'd child,
Breathing the homage of the heart alone;
In dreams of early blessedness beguiled,
A silent captive at the sleeper's throne;

Young mothers came, confessing with a kiss,
The babe the image of their first-born love;
Or wept for one, "more beautiful than this,"
Gone from its cradle to its rest above.

Blithe children stopp'd their laugh, they would not rouse
The gentle baby from its slumber deep;
While lofty eyes, and high unbending brows,
Long'd for the silence of that dreamless sleep.

STANZAS.

I LONG a lay from heaven to hear,
Wearied with earth-born melody :
Would that an angel, passing near,
Might sing a strain of peace to me !

Too tired for converse, and too faint
To touch my own neglected lyre,
The harp that soothes the dying saint
Is just the music I require.

O that some cherub, in his flight
Near to this earth's low boundaries,
Would on his golden wings alight,
And stay and sing me into bliss !

Why do the blest their anthems breathe
Only to happy minds above ?
Ah, why not to the souls beneath
Pour forth their hymns of joy and love ?

The pilgrims that have reach'd their home,
With friends and loves encircled round,
Want not the stream as they who roam
In desert wilds, and thirsty ground.

SMIBERT.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

AFORE the Lammas tide
Had dwined the birken-tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was blest like me ;

A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns, were round me here ;
But they 're a' ta'en awa'
Sin the fall o' the year.

Sair trouble came our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was yet to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fall o' the year.

I daurna look a-field,
For aye I trow to see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me :
But wind, and weet, and snaw
They never mair can fear,
Sin they a' got the ca'
In the fall o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns ;
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloaming aye drew near :
But my a's now awa',
Sin the fall o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Recall my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I ha'e tyned ;*

* Lost.

For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fall o' the year?

My heart is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa'
In the fall o' the year.

I ettle* whiles to spin,
But wee wee pattering feet
Come rinnin out and in,
And then I first maun greet:
I ken its fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fall o' the year.

Be kind, O heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak her hamewards sune
In pity o' her mane:
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fall o' the year.

* Try

LIVING POETS.

HENRY ALFORD,

DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THE LAND'S END.

This world of wonders, where our lot is cast,
Hath far more ends than one. A man may stand
On the bluff rocks that stretch from Sennen church,
And watch the rude Atlantic hurling in
The mighty billows :—thus his land may end.

Another lies with gasping breath, and sees
The mightier billows of Eternity
Dashing upon the utmost rocks of life ;
And his Land's End is near.
And so, one day,
Will the Lord's flock, close on Time's limit, stand
On the last headland of the travell'd world,
And watch, like sun-streak on the ocean's waste,
His advent drawing nigh.
Thus shall the Church
Her Land's End reach : and then may you and we,
Dear Cornish friends, once more in company,
Look out upon the glorious realms of Hope,
And find the last of earth—the first of God.

THOMAS BINNEY.

THE ETERNAL LIGHT.

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!
How pure that soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on Thee!

The spirits that surround Thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O, how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the' Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An Offering and a Sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and might
May dwell in the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
Here would I touch and handle things unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the' eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
This is the heavenly table spread for me :
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is pass'd and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here ;
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed :
My strength is in Thy might,—Thy might alone.

I have no wisdom, save in Him who is
My Wisdom and my Teacher, both in one :
No wisdom can I lack while Thou art wise ;
No teaching do I crave, save Thine alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

I know that deadly evils compass me,
Dark perils threaten ; yet I would not fear,
Nor poorly shrink, nor feebly turn to flee :
Thou art, O Christ, my buckler, sword, and spear.

But see the pillar-cloud is rising now,
And moving onward through the desert night :
It beckons, and I follow ; for I know
It leads me to the heritage of light.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I gallop'd, Dirck gallop'd, we gallop'd all three :

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
"Speed!" echo'd the wall to us galloping through:
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place:
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawn'd clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffel, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV.

At Aerschot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

VII.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laugh'd a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And, "Gallop," gasp'd Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Roll'd neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, lean'd, patted his ear,
Call'd my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapp'd my hands, laugh'd and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland gallop'd and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I pour'd down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE EVENING WIND.

(Written in North America.)

Spirit that breathest through my lattice,—thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,—
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow.
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Not I alone: a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight,
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade, go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest;
Summoning from the' innumerable boughs
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast.
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the' o'ershadowing branches and the grass —

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep:
And they who stand about the rich man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go;—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss by myriads came;
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung.

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie;
Each sun, with the worlds that around him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers His face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides,
In our ruddy air, and our blooming sides:
Lo, yonder the living splendours play!
Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from rest
And rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
And weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on in your glory and gladness, sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament,
The boundless visible smile of HIM,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim.

MARY HOWITT.

CORN-FIELDS.

IN the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet may whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill.

But when the merry spring is past,
And summer groweth bold,
And in the garden and the field
A thousand flowers unfold ;
Before a green leaf yet is sere,
The young corn shoots into the ear.

But then as day and night succeed,
And summer weareth on,
And in the flowery garden-beds
The red rose groweth wan,
And hollyhock and sunflowers tall
O'ertop the mossy garden-wall ;

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down ;
O, then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new-shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled up shocks of corn,
And send the Fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !

I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves ;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight ;
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunammite :
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills ;
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years agone
Were full of corn, I see ;
And the dear Saviour take His way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath-day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !—
The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE MISSIONARY.

My heart goes with thee, dauntless man,
Freely as thou dost hie
To sojourn with some barbarous clan,
For them to toil and die.
Fondly our spirits to our own
Cling, nor to part allow ;
Thine to some land forlorn hath flown ;
We turn,—and where art thou ?

Thou climb'st the vessel's lofty side,—
Numbers are gathering there ;
The youthful warrior in his pride,
The merchant in his care ;
Hearts which for knowledge track the seas,
Spirits which lightly rove,
Glad as the billows and the breeze,—
And thou, the child of love.

A savage shore receives thy tread ;
Companion thou hast none ;
The wild boughs wave above thy head,
Yet still thou journeyest on ;
Threading the tangled wild wood drear,
Piercing the mountain-glen,
Till wearily thou drawest near
The haunts of lonely men.

Strange is thine aspect to their eyes ;
Strange is thy foreign speech ;
And wild and strong is their surprise
At marvels thou dost teach.
Thy strength alone is in thy words ;
Yet armies could not bow
The spirit of those barbarous hordes
So readily as thou.

But O ! thy heart, thou home-sick man,
With saddest thoughts runs o'er,
Sitting, as fades the evening wan,
Silently at thy door.
Yet, that poor hut upon the wild,
A stone beneath the tree,
And souls to Heaven's love reconciled, –
These are enough for thee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

RIVERS.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings.
Undefiled for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoke-grimed town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea !
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinn'd, and is pardon'd again.
Undefiled for the undefiled,
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Open'd, and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the sky is beginning to lour,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is open'd,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence ;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle-wall !

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair :
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

See, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blacken'd log a tune
Learn'd in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young together,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me, "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hollow
Are the visions that you follow;
Into darkness sinks your fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim,
"These are prophets, bards, and seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries, "Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the wither'd leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the murmurs of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
"'Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone there."

And I answer, "Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquish'd gain."

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of truth,
He, the light and life of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as the bugle-call,
Whom all eyes follow'd with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word,
Hush'd all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along
Down the dark of the mountain-gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
And for a moment my blood grew chill:
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth
Till it reach'd a town in the distant North,
Till it reach'd a house in a sunny street,
Till it reach'd a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was toll'd in that far-off town,
For one who had pass'd from cross to crown,
And the neighbours wonder'd that *she* should die.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village-bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
And hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earn'd a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MY LOVE.

I.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear:
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

II.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet are they as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

III.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

IV.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

v.

She hath no scorn of common things ;
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

vi.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

vii.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize ;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

viii.

She is a woman ; one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

ix.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

X.

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

SONNET.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast past
To show us what a woman true may be :
They have not taken sympathy from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou wast ;
Save as some tree, which in a sudden blast
Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last :
So thou hast shed some blooms of gaiety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness ;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robb'd thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather clear'd thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE WEE WHITE ROSE.

All in our marriage-garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suck'd the green warmth of the sod.

O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurl'd ;
Life's crowning sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew ;
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for daintier dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curl'd
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she fill'd ;
Reveal'd each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearl'd
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased ;
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Swow-white, snow-soft, snow silently,
Our darling bud up-curl'd,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our rose was but in blossom ;
Our life was but in spring ;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing :

"Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearl'd;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In banner'd bloom unfurl'd;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HYMN FROM "THE FALL OF JERUSALEM."

For Thou wert born of woman! Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was Thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps the' enthronéd fires on high :
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky ;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As to a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;
Nor at Thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres,
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear Thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes ;
Nor didst Thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all Thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs.
For Thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by Thy side, to be
In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er Thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake :
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay ;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :
While Thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to Thy doom ;
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
With devastation in Thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ;
But Thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst Thou rise
Into Thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Brother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is unknown ;
From the burden of the flesh, and from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er, and borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet to reach His blest abode ;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit fail,
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good, whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust," the solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now, and seal thy narrow bed ;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ON THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

FROM "THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH."

For Thou didst die for me, O Son of God!
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat Thy houseless head forlorn;—
Thou that wert wont to stand
Alone on God's right hand,
Before the ages were, the' Eternal, Eldest-born.

Thy birthright in the world was pain and grief,
Thy love's return, ingratitude and hate;
The limbs Thou healedst brought Thee no relief,
The eyes Thou openedst calmly view'd Thy fate;—
Thou that wert wont to dwell
In peace tongue cannot tell,
Nor heart conceive the bliss of Thy celestial state.

They dragg'd Thee to the Roman's solemn hall,
Where the proud judge in purple splendour sate;
Thou stood'st, a meek and patient criminal,—
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait;—
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude
When "Crucify him" yell'd the general shout;
No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lips to bless in all that frantic rout;—
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the heavens broke out.

They bound Thy temples with the twisted thorn;
Thy bruiséd feet went languid on with pain;
The blood, from all Thy flesh with scourges torn,
Deepen'd Thy robe of mockery's crimson grain;—
Whose native vesture bright
Was the unapproached light,
The sandal of whose foot—the rapid hurricane.

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm;
With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced;
The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
They gave to' enhance Thy unslaked burning, thirst;—
Thou at whose words of peace
Did pain and anguish cease,
And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bow'd Thy head, convulsed, and droop'd in death:
Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry;
Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
And every limb was wrung with agony;—
That head whose veilless blaze
Fill'd angels with amaze,
When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
  Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes
    bound ;
The sealed stone confirm'd Thy mortal doom ;
  Lone watchmen walk'd Thy desert burial-ground ;—
      Whom heaven could not contain,
      Nor the immeasurable plain
Of vast infinity enclose or circle round.

For us, for us Thou didst endure the pain,
  And Thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
To wash our souls from sin's infecting stain,
  To' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance-flame ;—
      Thou that couldst nothing win
      By saving worlds from sin,
Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious name.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

FROM "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

* * * *

My prayers for her being done, I took
  Occasion by the quiet hour
To find and know, by Rule and Book,
  The rights of love's beloved power.

Fronting the question without ruth,
  Not ignorant that, evermore,
If men will stoop to kiss the Truth,
  She lifts them higher than before,

I from above such light required
As now should once for all destroy
The folly which at times desired
A sanction for so great a joy.

Thenceforth, and through that prayer, I trod
A path with no suspicions dim.
I loved her in the name of God,
And for the ray she was of Him ;
I ought to' admire much more, not less ;
Her beauty was a godly grace ;
The mystery of loveliness,
Which made an altar of her face,
Was not of the flesh, though that was fair,
But a most pure and living light
Without a name, by which the rare
And virtuous spirit flamed to sight.
If oft, in love, effect lack'd cause
And cause effect, 'twere vain to soar
Reasons to seek for that which was
Reason itself, or something more.
My joy was no idolatry
Upon the ends of the vile earth bent ;
For, when I loved her most, then I
Most yearn'd for more divine content.
The other doubt, which, like a ghost,
At all love's banquets haunted me,
Was thus resolved : Him loved I most,
But her I loved most sensibly.
Lastly, my giddiest hope allow'd
No selfish thought, or earthly smirch ;
And forth I went in peace, and proud
To take my passion into Church.

COMMON GRACES.

O MAN, (and legion is thy name,)
Who hadst for dowry with thy wife
A conduct void of outward blame,
The beauty of a loyal life,
Is nature in thee too spiritless,
Ignoble, impotent, and dead,
To prize her love and loveliness
The more for being thy daily bread?
And art thou one of that vile crew
Which see no splendour in the sun,
Praising alone the good that's new,
Or over, or not yet begun?
And has it dawn'd on thy dull wits
That love warms many as soft a nest;
That, though swathed round with benefits,
Thou art not singularly blest?
And fail thy thanks for gifts divine,
The common food of many a heart,
Because they are not only thine?
Beware lest in the end thou art
Cast as a goat forth from the fold,
Too proud to feel the common grace
Of blissful myriads who behold
For evermore the Father's face.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

PEACE IN GOD.

"Let my soul calm itself in Thee; I say, let the great sea of my soul, that swelleth with waves, calm itself in Thee."—St. Augustine.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wail'd for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly like the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripen'd grain:—
And when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding—not explaining;
We ask, and Thou art silent; yet we gaze,
And our charm'd hearts forget their drear complaining!
No crushing fate, no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The groundswell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands,—

This vague dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee!

Thy piercéd hand guides the mysterious wheels:
Thy thorn-crown'd brow now wears the crown of power;
And when the dark enigma presseth sore,
Thy patient voice says, "Watch with Me one hour."
As sinks the moaning river in the sea,
In silver peace,—so sinks my soul in Thee!

HENRY TAYLOR.

SCENE IN A FAMINE.

I PAID a visit first to Ukenheim,
The man who whilome saved our father's life,
When certain Clementists and ribald folk
Assail'd him at Malines. He came last night,
And said he knew not if we owed him aught,
But if we did, a peck of oatmeal now
Would pay the debt, and save more lives than one.
I went. It seem'd a wealthy man's abode;
The costly drapery and good house-gear
Had, in an ordinary time, betoken'd
That with the occupant the world went well.
By a low couch, curtain'd with cloth of frieze,
Sat Ukenheim, a famine-stricken man,
With either bony fist upon his knees,

And his long back upright. His eyes were fix'd
And moved not, though some gentle words I spake ;
Until a little urchin of a child,
That call'd him father, crept to where he sat,
And pluck'd him by the sleeve, and with its small
And skinny finger pointed : then he rose,
And with a low obeisance, and a smile
That look'd like watery moonlight on his face,
So weak and pale a smile, he bade me welcome.
I told him that a lading of wheat-flour
Was on its way ; whereat, to my surprise,
His countenance fell, and he had almost wept.

* * * *

He pluck'd aside the curtain of the couch,
And there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seem'd like twins of some ten years of age,
And they had died so nearly both together
He could not say which first : and being dead,
He put them, for some fanciful affection,
Each with its arm about the other's neck ;
So that a fairer sight I had not seen
Than these two children, with their little faces
So thin and wan, so calm, so sad, and sweet.
I look'd upon them long, and for awhile
I wish'd myself their sister, and to lie
With them in death, as they did with each other ;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much,—and then I wept ;
And when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
He was so sorely shaken and convulsed,
Through weakness of his frame and his great grief.

* * * *

But whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
He seem'd an humble and heart-broken man.
He thank'd me much for what I said was sent,
But well I knew his thanks were for my tears.
He look'd again upon the children's couch,
And said, (low down,) they wanted nothing now.
So, to turn off his eyes,
I drew the small survivor of the three
Before him ; and he snatch'd it up, and soon
Seem'd quite forgetful and absorb'd. With that
I stole away.

TOM TAYLOR.

THE ROSE IN SUN.*

The burials have been many,
The bridals have been few,
Beneath this roof wrought with the skill
Those old-world carvers knew ;
Beneath whose hands the stubborn stone
To leaf and floweret grew.

Along the key-stones of the vault
The blazon'd 'scutcheons run,
And mid the shields of garter'd knights,
And kings, the foremost one
Bears gallant Edward's cognisance,
—The silver Rose in Sun.

* The *Rose in Sun* was the cognisance of King Edward IV.: it is emblazoned on the roof of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Time was that badge with fancies
Of war and fear was fraught,
Of days when York and Lancaster
Beneath the Roses fought;
Of kingly lines contending,
Of realm by war distraught.

Henceforth St. George's Chapel,
Where that device it shows,
Speaks of a brighter sunlight
Upon a fairer rose—
Undimm'd by memories of strife,
Unstain'd by wars and woes.

A Rose in Sun we saw her,
While joy was o'er the land,
Beneath her veil of bridal white
Before the altar stand,
Her bridal nosegay trembling
With the trembling of her hand.

A northern rose, the sweeter
For memories of the sea,
By the side of which it blossom'd
With the keen winds blowing free
O'er the stern soil that rear'd it
Our Prince's flower to be.

Red rose and white seem mingled
On a 'scutcheon fair and fine,
In the blush her cheeks that mantled,
And in her brow's pure shine;
And when the sunlight kiss'd her
We took it for a sign.

The light through storied windows
Rain'd azure, gules, and or,
About her face, upon her veil,
Among the flowers she bore;
Rain'd full upon the bridegroom,
And shimmer'd on the floor,—

Above a marble grave-stone,
The entrance to a tomb
Where kings and queens and princes
Lie in a narrow room,
All dust in dusty coffins,
Awaiting call of doom.

I thought of one who lately
Was lying coffin'd there,
Whose presence had made happy
Hearts now in mourning-wear;
Whose voice should have call'd blessings
Down on this wedded pair.

And following the sunbeam
That o'er the vault did play,
I saw where a shot-window
It lighten'd with its ray,
And lit a watching widow's face
With sudden gleam of day.

Methought that blessed sunbeam
All in one light did fold
Fair bride and princely bridegroom,
Widow, and coffin'd mould;
These hearts that beat so warmly,
That heart that lies so cold.

Emblem and sign and omen
  Of faith and hope in one,
Recording love that dies not
  Because life's sand is run,—
A father's, husband's blessing,
  From the heaven beyond the sun!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH,

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

PRAYER.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour,
Spent in Thy presence, will prevail to make!—
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;
We kneel, how weak!—we rise, how full of power!
Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong,
That we are ever overborne with care,
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

SONNET.

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us as the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand, with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive:
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live
Neglected or unheeded disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings,
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

SPRING.

The spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers:
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours;
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass from out the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

THE SABBATH.

It was a pleasant morning, in the time
When the leaves fall; and the bright sun shone out
As when the morning stars first shone together—
So quietly and calmly fell his light
Upon a world at rest. There was no leaf
In motion, and the loud winds slept, and all
Was still. The labouring herd was grazing
Upon the hill-side quietly—uncall'd
By the harsh voice of man; and distant sound,
Save from the murmuring waterfall, came not
As usual on the ear. One hour stole on,
And then another of the morning, calm
And still as Eden ere the birth of man;
And then broke in the Sabbath chime of bells,—
And the old man and his descendants went
Together to the house of God. I join'd

The well-apparell'd crowd. The holy man
Rose solemnly, and breathed the prayer of faith ;
And the grey saint just on the wing for heaven,
And the fair maid, and the bright-hair'd young man,
And child of curling locks, just taught to close
The lash of its blue eye the while,—all knelt
In attitude of prayer ; and then the hymn,
Sincere in its low melody, went up
To worship God.
The white-hair'd Pastor rose,
And look'd upon his flock ; and with an eye
That told his interest, and voice that spoke
In tremulous accents eloquence like Paul's,
He lent Isaiah's fire to the great truths
Of Revelation, and persuasion came
Like gushing waters from his lips, till hearts
Unused to bend were soften'd, and the eye
Unwont to weep sent forth the willing tear.

I went my way ; but as I went I felt
How well it was that the world-weary soul
Should have its times to set its burden down.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known to all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus:
Be comforted; relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately Bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,

I may without offence pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
"Shall I," said he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are these, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see the hounds are just in view!"

JOHN GAY.

TO THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest,—If so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass,
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I must not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled ;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen; we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold.
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd;
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh! immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man! who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayéd in our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
O, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting and strong,
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Twining and twisting
Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Reeding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,

And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering.

And falling and crawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,

Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EL QUEMADERO.*

THE bell has toll'd the mid-day hour!
There stays no serf in his orange-bower,
There stays no lord in his marble hall;
Out rush prince, peasant, noble, all!
Out pours the city's living tide,
Priest, father, infant, lover, bride;
Unheeding the crowd, or the sultry glare,
All rush to the Quemadero Square:
Last—known by the trumpets and golden vane—
Comes in its pomp Don Philip's train.

First ride the ancient priests and lords,
That bear the crosses and crowns and swords;
Then, cased in mail from head to heel,
Rides thy proud chivalry, Castile,
On jennets that scarce their strength can tame,
With hoofs like the wind and eyes like flame;
And last,—midst shouts that rend the air,
Circled with men of hoary hair,
And breasts on which the scarf and star
Tell of the days of Moorish war,—

* The place at which reputed heretics were burnt at Seville, in Spain.

Rides—brightest of the dazzling ring,
In mail of gold and gems—the King.
Why comes thy pageant, fair Seville ?
Why pours the living torrent still ?
Why gaze those myriad eyes aloof,
From wall, and tower, and sculptured roof ?
Why waves the flag on Giralda's hall ?
Why wakes the trumpet's silvery call ?—
Or peal the cymbal and tambour
For some new triumph o'er the Moor ?
Or crowns Don Philip the ivory brows
Of Carlos' sweet Italian spouse ?
But all are hush'd : and all their gaze
Is turn'd upon a sullen blaze
Lit in the centre of the square ;
And round it men—with tonsures bare,
And eyes, as if by life forsook,
Fix'd on their legendary book—
Go, circling, each with wither'd hand
Flinging upon the flame his brand.
Anon upon the distance swim
The echoes of a fearful hymn.
There's joy in the lip, and there's pride in the eye,
Of thousands who to that hymn reply :
But the eye of the King blazed with fiercer pride,
As he saw the black banner waving wide,
And the sable monks of St. Dominic came,
Leading the living food of the flame ;
The remnants of rack and dungeon dim,
With the hollow cheek, and the wasted limb,
And the bleeding foot, and the eye's wild glare,
And the lip that utter'd its dying prayer.
They are ranged around the Quemadero stone,
Their fiery scaffold, and grave, and throne!

Monarch! who saw thy bosom shake,
As each was girded to the stake?
Was in thy soul no fibre wrung,
As yell'd to thee the victim's tongue?
As rose to judging Heaven the groan
As on his pile the torch was thrown?
No, King! thy cheek was still the same,
When round the Martyr burst the flame;
When from the dead it sank away,
And man and pile were ashes grey;
When myriads wept, in woe and fear,—
Still was thy brow proud, cold, and clear.
But, Monarch! from a loftier throne,
An ear has heard the Martyr's groan!
Who sows in blood, in blood shall reap;
The thunders have slept, they no more shall sleep.
Thou shalt know agony by night,—
By day, confusion, fear, and flight;
Thy land shall be a fruitless field,
Her sons against her sons be steel'd;
Her crown be rent, her golden soil
The foe, the slave, the stranger's spoil;
The wind, the wave, shall crush thy pride:—
Go to the grave, dark homicide!
Yet give, whene'er thou wilt, thy form
To be the pasture of the worm;
Yet perish as thou wilt, thine eye,
Even from the grave, the wreck shall spy;
See Spain, a field of feud and gore,
Till vengeance quits the lifeless shore;
An Afric waste of plague and sand,—
The lion monarch of the land!

ANONYMOUS.

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May—
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers, that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pain'd with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May—
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings—
Moon-lit evenings, sun-bright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May!

ANONYMOUS.

THE COVENANTER'S SCAFFOLD SONG.*

SING with me! sing with me!
Weeping brethren, sing with me!
For now an open heaven I see,
And a crown of glory laid for me.
How my soul this earth despises!
How my heart and spirit rises!
Bounding from the flesh I sever,—
World of sin, adieu for ever!

Sing with me! sing with me!
Friends in Jesus, sing with me!
All my sufferings, all my woe,
All my griefs, I here forego.
Farewell terrors, sighing, grieving,
Praying, hearing, and believing,
Earthly trust, and all its wrongings,
Earthly love, and all its longings.

Sing with me! sing with me!
Blessed spirits, sing with me!

* See M'Crie's account of the martyrdom of M'Kail.

To the Lamb our song shall be
Through a glad eternity.
Farewell earthly morn and even,
Sun and moon, and stars of heaven :
Heavenly portals ope before me ;
Welcome Christ, and all His glory.

ANONYMOUS.

THE COVENANTERS' MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O THOU that dwellest in the heaven so high,
Beyond yon star, within yon sky ;
Where the dazzling fields need no other light,
Nor the sun by day, nor the moon by night!
Though countless myriads around Thee stand,—
For the sake of Him on Thy right hand,
O, think on the souls He has died for here,
Who are wandering in darkness, in doubt and fear!

The powers of darkness are all abroad,
They own no Saviour,—they fear no God ;
And we are wandering in dumb dismay,
Our night is dreary, and dim our day!
O, turn not Thou Thy face away!
For if Thou turnest Thy face away,
We have none to look to, and none to trust,
We are weak and helpless and sinful dust.

Thine aid, Almighty One, we crave!
Not shorten'd is Thine arm to save.
Alas, from Thee we here sojourn,—
Return to us, O God, return!

ANONYMOUS.

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